

Salsburg, 10th June, Monday Morning.

Arrived at Linz Friday noon, dined, looked a little about the town, which is remarkable for nothing except its agreeable situation on the Danube, and its unusual kind of fortification; and at half past one started for Gmunden, about 35 miles, by rail-road, in a car drawn by horses. This rail-road, the oldest one in Germany, is rather a primitive affair; we were jolted more than on the ordinary road, which I have found everywhere excellent. The first part of the road was very uninteresting: I was seated in the middle of the car, with five or six inveterate German smokers around me, each equipped with a huge Meerschaum pipe with a wooden stem nearly as long as your arm, which he replenished as often as it was exhausted, and all puffed away in concert as if they were locomotive engines and our progress depended upon their exertions. You are every where annoyed in the same way, but I have become accustomed to it so that it does not trouble me as at first. At length a fat military officer next me snuck himself to sleep, and I was amusing myself with the ridiculous pendulum-like motions he was making, his pipe still grasped by his mouth at one end and his hand at the other, when he knocked his head against the window and pitched his hat into the road to his great astonishment and our infinite amusement. We passed through Wels, and afterwards Lambach, a pretty place and most beautifully situated upon the Traun. In this part of this journey we had a fine view of the Salsburg Alps, which rise to their greatest height just where Austria proper, and the provinces of Styria and Salsburg meet. From Lambach to the end of the journey, the country appeared completely American; finely wooded with fir and larch with here a clump of beech. We reached Gmunden just at twilight, a neat village on the very bank of the Gmunden-see or Traun-see, for it is called by both names. The situation close down upon the water and in the bosom of green undulating hills is as lovely as can be conceived, and is in fine contrast with the upper extremity of the little lake, where the dark and lofty mountains rise abruptly from the very surface of the water not leaving room enough even for a footpath. Their summits were still covered with patches of snow, but they are overtopped by the peaks of the Dachstein and other portions of these Alps which are crowned with perpetual snow. I found at "the Goldenen Schiff" neat rooms, and a most comfortable bed which I was prepared fully to enjoy, having first made a supper on nice trout from the lake with a few caterers. At seven o'clock the next morning I was on board the little steam-boat (commanded by an Englishman, as most boats are in Austria) which affords the only means of

Communication with the country beyond! the morning was pleasant, and I had the good opportunity of seeing the finest scenery I ever beheld; indeed I do not expect ever to see it surpassed. As we left the green slopes at Gröminden behind us, the mountains which enclose the upper portion of the lake gradually disclosed themselves more distinctly; - half-way up we were opposite the gigantic Traumstein, whose naked and weather-beaten summit had been full in view almost ever since we left Livo the day before. It is a huge mountain appearing as if split from top to bottom and turned with the cloven side toward the lake, so that it presents a perpendicular wall of jagged rock nearly three thousand feet high! leaving just room sufficient between it and the water for one or two fish-corming huts, which look the veriest pygmies. The mountains beyond this on the same side are equally picturesque, but not so high, they rise in sharp isolated peaks, leaving the wildest glens between, down which streams fed by the snows of the mountains in the back-ground come leaping down to the lake.

On a promontory, which seems from the lower part of the lake to form its southern extremity, stands the little hamlet of Traumkirchen; the picturesque little church was founded by the Dominicans, who once had a little establishment here; a little nook is occupied with the wee bits of cabins belonging to the peasantry occupied in the salt-works, or in rowing the salt-barges down the lake; they are set down here and there, as room can be found, and add much to the beauty of the view. As the boat doubles this promontory, Gröminden and all the lower part of the lake is lost sight of, and you seem to be on another smaller but wilder lake, entirely shut in by the precipitous mountains; - a few minutes more and we are landed at Ebensee, the little salt-village at the head, where the Traum enters, and you regret that the voyage is so short. I was strongly inclined to go back again with the boat, and return again in the afternoon, but knowing I had no time to lose, and that I might not readily find another convenient opportunity of going on to Ischl, I was obliged to bid farewell to Grömindensee - the loveliest, wildest of lakes, I shall not soon forget thee!

I had not time at Ebensee to look at the works where the brine is evaporated, which seem to be on a large scale. The brine is brought here in aqueducts, some 15 or 20⁽²⁴⁾ miles, since fuel is more plenty here, and it is found more economical to bring the brine to the fuel, than the fuel to the brine. - The Stollwagen was ready, and I took my seat. A ride of ten or eleven

31 27 25

miles up the valley of the Traun, a narrow defile bordered by lofty mountains, - brought us before noon to Ischl. It is a pretty village, lying in a green valley formed by the junction of the little river Ischl with the Traun, contains extensive salt-works and is a favorite bathing place; people of all degrees coming here in the summer to pickle themselves in the salt-water. Three immense ridges of mountain come down almost into the village, leaving a triangular space for the village, with just three ways of getting in or out, viz; by ^{ascending} the river as we came, or by either the Ischl or the Traun as they enter the valley.

I took a hasty dinner, and left the hotel at one o'clock determined to enjoy the satisfaction of climbing a real mountain. The Delmitz, the highest in the neighborhood is said to command the finest prospect, and it looked as if I could ascend it in an hour or two with the greatest ease, although the guide-book says that 10-12 hours are necessary for going and returning. I have accomplished the task; I climbed the mountain 5000 feet high, travelled over the snow from one to the other of its four peaks at considerable distance from each other; enjoyed the most magnificent prospects; filled my portfolio with alpine plants, descended the steepest side, picking my difficult way down the rocks and sliding down immense snow-banks, until I was past the alpine portion; then making a turn to a subalpine pasture where cows and goats are driven to pass the summer, I struck an old path, and ran with all speed to the gorge at the base, where the stream that I had traced from its source as it trickled from a snow-bank, and down a succession of little cataracts, was now a foaming and rushing torrent. It was then just twilight, and a quiet walk of an hour brought me back to the hotel at 9 o'clock quite proud of my feat and delighted with the fine view I had obtained. But I have paid well for it. In the morning I could scarcely stir for the aches and pains in my bones, and even now the extensor muscles of my legs are sore to the touch and bear woful testimony to the hard service they have been obliged to perform. I shall think about it, as Mr. Davis says, before I ascend another mountain. And yet I feel myself well repaid for all my fatigue.

To say nothing of the prospect opening out wider and grander as I ascended, I had from the summit a magnificent mountain-panorama which it was well worth the labor to see; the summits of more than one white and brilliant with perpetual snow and ice. The most stupendous of all is the Thorenstein or Dachstein which closes the view to the south, with its immense glaciers of the most dazzling whiteness, from which numerous steep pinnacles rise like spires and towers high above all surrounding objects, illuminated by the rays of the setting sun long after all other objects are left in shade. The dark lake of Hallerstadt was distinctly seen, appearing to reach up to its very base. I could not distinguish the village which is hidden under the cliffs at that end of the lake, where from November to February the inhabitants do not see the sun, they are so shut in by high mountains. Four other lakes were in full view, two of them lying almost beneath my feet.

And then imagine my pleasure at collecting alpine plants for the first time, some of them in full blossom under the very edge of a snow-bank. I filled my pot folio with *Coldanella*, *Rhododendron*, *Primula auricula*, *Ranunculus Thora*, and another with white flowers, &c, &c. — I am sorry to say that in my eagerness I have left my knife, — last relic of the Expedition — and so long my trusty companion, somewhere on the top of the mountain.

Sunday was at least a day of bodily rest, for I did not rise until past ten o'clock, and hobbled out but once beyond the limits of my hotel. I was obliged to leave, however, late in the evening, about half past ten, when the *eilwagen*, which comes but twice a week arrived from *Gratz* on its way to *Salzburg*; and here I found myself at 6 o'clock this morning; a rainy day, and a very dull town, with nothing but its fortress and its exceedingly beautiful and romantic situation to make it interesting. There are many objects of great interest in the neighborhood, but this rainy day prevents any distant excursion; my place is taken for *Munich* for tomorrow morning, and not even the inducements of "the most beautiful region in all Germany," as it is called, nor even the sublimities of the *Berchtesgaden* and

the *Königssee* (which are but 15 miles off, shall detain me longer. I begin to look with expectation toward the end of my journey, and have already in my plans shortened it not a little. I have looked about the old churches and buildings of this town, and am waiting now for it to clear up that I may climb the *Mönchsberg*, and enjoy the prospect that is said to be so fine. At mid-day I had hopes of a pleasant afternoon, but it is now raining harder than ever.

I have missed the opportunity of seeing the evaporating works at *Ischl* also, as well as the salt mines, which are at some distance and now that I understand the mode of working I did not think it worth the trouble. The salt in all this part of the country, is not obtained by evaporating the water of salt springs, as in the United States and some parts of Europe; nor from salt mines as in Poland. The salt occurs mostly in small masses disseminated through beds of clay and gravel; so, as it would not warrant the expense of mining in the ordinary way, they have adopted an economical and ingenious method. An excavation is made into the salt earth, and water is admitted and suffered to remain for some time, until it is nearly saturated with the salt it has dissolved from the sides and roof of the cave; the solution is drawn off ~~for export~~ and conducted to the boiling houses often many miles distant; the earth loosened from the sides of the cave by the action of the water upon the salt it was mingled with, is now removed from the bottom, and it is again filled with fresh water, and so on, until the cavity has attained an inconveniently large size, when it is abandoned and others opened in its place.

In this region, as in the retired parts of *Styria* (though which I passed to *Vienna*) you are charmed with the kind-hearted simplicity of the people. If you meet them in walking, they always give you some word of greeting, and commonly take off their hats and bow to you, yet there seems to be nothing servile or cringing in it. You get a porter to carry your baggage, who instead of asking for more when you have given him already more than he expected to receive,

He takes off his hat, makes you a low bow, and thanks you most heartily, tho' without any palaver. So with the servants, who never ask any thing, and I suppose would not if you were to forget them altogether: I doubt if they would ever remind you; you give them about a third part of what an English servant would expect, and you have them all most heartily wishing you bon voyage or glückliche reise, according to the language they speak. In some places they say the chambermaid kisses your hand, but this has not happened to me yet.

The women, when not rendered wholly masculine in appearance by performing the labor of men, which is very common, are almost universally good-looking, and in such vigorous health, I do not admire their head-dress, which is ordinarily a black silk thing, tied closely around the head and tied in rather fantastic bows behind. (The women of Linz said all this part of the Danube, across, when in full dress, a cap of tinsel or gold-lace, shaped exactly like the Roman helmet, which fits close to the top of the head). But fashions never leave this world; when you ladies throw aside some mode, it is picked up and perpetuated in some out-of-the-way part of the world. Thus, for example, all the young Fran's of Ischl wear balloon sleeves, after the most approved fashion some three or four years ago. I assure you it looked quite natural to see them again, even upon the buxom damsels of the Salskammergut (there's a name for you).

It is now half past seven; and it is still raining most obstinately, so ascending the Mönchsberg is not to be thought of; and I must make up my mind to leave Salzburg without this view. My trunk is sent to the office of the Brief-Post-Eilwagen, all ready for starting at six o'clock in the morning, and to-morrow evening at eleven I hope (D.V.) to be in Munich (82 miles). I owe Bentham a letter, and have not written him (or any one else) since I left Paris. I will take this convenient opportunity and write forthwith.